3 STONES & EURYDICE

SECOND MOVEMENT

The underworld.
There is no set change.
Strange watery noises.
Drip, drip, drip.
The movement to the underworld is marked by the entrance of stones.

Scene 1

THE STONES. We are a chorus of stones.

LITTLE STONE. I'm a little stone.

BIG STONE. I'm a big stone.

LOUD STONE. I'm a loud stone.

THE STONES. We are all three stones.

LITTLE STONE. We live with the dead people in the land of the dead.

BIG STONE. Eurydice was a great musician. Orpheus was his wife.

LOUD STONE. (*correcting Big Stone.*) Orpheus was a great musician. Eurydice was his wife. She died.

LITTLE STONE. Then he played the saddest music. Even we –

THE STONES. The stones –

LITTLE STONE. Cried when we heard it.

The sound of three drops of water hitting a pond.

LITTLE STONE. Oh, look,
she is coming into the land of the dead now.

BIG STONE. Oh!

LOUD STONE. Oh!

LITTLE STONE. Oh!

We might say – "Poor Eurydice" –

LOUD STONE. But stones don't feel bad for dead people.

The sound of an elevator ding.
An elevator door opens.
Inside the elevator, it is raining.
Eurydice gets rained on inside the elevator.
She carries a suitcase and an umbrella.
She is dressed in the kind of 1930s suit that women wore when they eloped.
She looks bewildered.

The sound of an elevator ding.
Eurydice steps out of the elevator.
The elevator door closes.

She walks towards the audience and opens her mouth, trying to speak.
There is a great humming noise.
She closes her mouth.
The humming noise stops.
She opens her mouth for the second time, attempting to tell her story to the audience.
There is a great humming noise.
She closes her mouth – the humming noise stops.
She has a tantrum of despair.

STONES. Eurydice wants to speak to you.
But she can't speak your language anymore.
She talks in the language of dead people now.

LITTLE STONE. It's a very quiet language.

LOUD STONE. Like if the pores in your face opened up and talked.

BIG STONE. Like potatoes sleeping in the dirt.

The stones look at Big Stone as though that were a dumb thing to say.

LITTLE STONE. Pretend that you understand her
or she'll be embarrassed.

BIG STONE. Yes – pretend for a moment
that you understand
the language of stones.

LOUD STONE. Listen to her the way you would listen
to your own daughter
if she died too young
and tried to speak to you
across long distances.

Eurydice shakes out her umbrella.
She approaches the audience.
This time, she can speak.

EURYDICE. There was a roar, and a coldness –
I think my husband was with me.
What was my husband's name?

Eurydice turns to the stones.

My husband's name? Do you know it?

The stones shrug their shoulders.

How strange. I don't remember.
~~It was horrible to see~~ his face
when I died. His eyes were
two black birds
and they flew to me.
I said no – stay where you are –
he needs you in order to see!
When I got through the cold
~~they made me swim in a river~~
~~and~~ I forgot his name.
I forgot all the names.
I know his name starts with my mouth
shaped like a ball of twine –
Oar – oar.
I forget.

They took me to a tiny boat.
I only just fit inside.
I looked at the oars
and I wanted to cry.
I tried to cry but I just drooled a little.
I'll try now.

She tries to cry and finds that she can't.

EURYDICE. What happiness it would be to cry.

(She takes a breath.)
I was not lonely
only alone with myself
begging myself not to leave my own body
but I *was* leaving
Good-bye, head – I said –
it inclined itself a little, as though to nod to me
in a solemn kind of way.

(She turns to the stones.)

How do you say good-bye to yourself?

They shake their heads.
A train whistle.
Eurydice steps onto a platform, surveying a large crowd.

EURYDICE. A train!

LITTLE STONE. The station is like a train but
there is no train.

BIG STONE. The train has wheels that are not wheels.

LOUD STONE. There is the opposite of a wheel and the opposite of smoke and the opposite of a train.

A train pulls away.

EURYDICE. Oh! I'm waiting for someone to meet me, I think.

Eurydice's Father approaches and takes her luggage.

FATHER. Eurydice.